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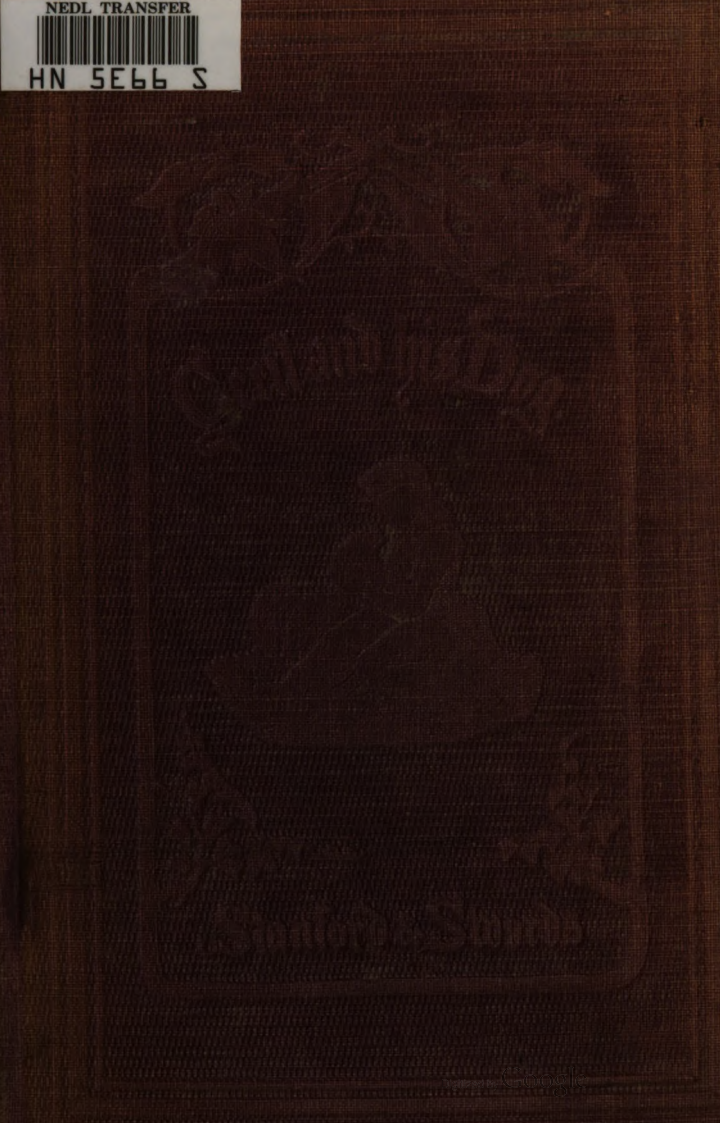
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**"Now make your dog sit on the ground, put this little tin platter
by him," &c.**

Page 146.

Cecil and his Dog.
Illustrated.



Stanford & Swords

CECIL, THE ORPHAN;

OR

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE;

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MERCHANT'S
DAUGHTER," "CHRISTMAS BELLS," "JULIA OF BAIX,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

VOLUME I.

NEW-YORK:
STANFORD AND SWORDS, 139, BROADWAY

1849.

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PREFACE.

THE beautiful little story of Cecil the Orphan, was originally published in French. It has enjoyed great popularity, and is, deservedly, a favorite volume with the young, on both sides of the Atlantic. The attention of the Editor was first drawn to it, as contributed by a friend to the columns of a religious journal under his charge. He was struck with the peculiar simplicity and truthfulness of the narrative, and the attractive style in which it illustrates the value of moral and religious principle in the young. As the different chapters passed through the press, a few alterations were made, in order to adapt the story more fully to the class of readers for whom the republication was made.

In tracing the course of little Cecil through the

PREFACE.

many trials he was called to encounter, the young reader will not fail to notice his sincere trust in the protection and guidance of his heavenly Father, to whom his prayers were constantly addressed. He loved God, and never forgot to pray to him in his troubles, nor to thank Him for the mercies bestowed upon him. He loved to act uprightly and to show kindness to his fellow men, generously forgiving, and even aiding his worst enemy. And the blessing of God attended him. In answer to his prayers he received strength to act virtuously and nobly in the most trying circumstances. Friends were raised up to him on every hand. Fortune smiled upon him. He was blessed with happiness, and lived and died in favor with God and man. May all who read these pages imitate his example, and after a life spent under the blessing of God, and amidst the love and respect of their fellow-men, in usefulness and honor, be blessed with a happy and peaceful death. May they love and serve that blessed Redeemer, through whom we receive all "the means of grace and the hope of glory."

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CECIL.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEATH OF MR. THOMAS.

A LONG procession assembled itself in front of a house in one of the principal streets in Bordeaux. It was the hour at which the master of that mansion was to be transported to the last home that should ever shelter his earthly remains.

The coffin, with its sombre velvet pall, was borne by the friends of the deceased. Immediately after them walked a tall and extremely pale young man, who was followed by a crowd of persons apparently but little impressed by

the solemnity of the moment. At some distance behind the procession, a child, about twelve years of age, running with feeble and irregular steps, vainly endeavored to keep up with the rest of the people. Not one of that long train paid the least attention to him, although he was weeping so violently, that even the long bright ringlets that fell in golden showers about his sickly countenance, were profusely moistened with his tears.

The burial ground was soon reached, and the usual ceremonies performed. The clergyman, in making a short, eulogistic discourse, pronounced Mr. Thomas, (who had been a wealthy merchant,) to have lived a most righteous and praiseworthy life, and faithfully to have discharged the duties of a good son, husband, and father. The last short prayer was uttered, and the crowd withdrew. The weeping child alone remained beside the grave; and, kneeling on the moist earth, he exclaimed

with emotion : "Uncle ! dear uncle ! shall I never see you again ?"

"Are you not going away with the rest of them, my little friend ?" said the sexton, kindly touching the child on the shoulder. .

The boy looked up without replying.

"Is it your father, my dear, who has just been buried ?"

"No, Sir, it was my uncle, my dear uncle !"

"But you have a father ?"

"No, Sir, he was dead before I can remember."

"And your mother ?"

"She is dead too."

"But you remember her, do you not ?"

"No, Sir ; I was so very little when she died !" replied the child. "I only remember a large white bed on which she was lying, and my uncle, my good uncle, standing beside the bed, holding my mother's hand ! And then he said he would take care of little

Cecil—Cecil, that is I, you know. Then he took me home, and I lived with him, but I never saw my dear mother again.”

“And you, I suppose, are your uncle’s heir?” asked the sexton.

“What is *an heir*?” inquired Cecil.

“I mean, everything which was your uncle’s now belongs to you.”

“To me? yes, but to his son, also.”

“Ah! then he has a son?”

“Yes, did you not see him?”

“Now I remember that I did. He is a tall young man, is he not, with a dark skin, but very pale? He told me to call upon him to-morrow with my account. He did not look very amiable, that cousin of yours: and I am sure he shed no tears.”

“Oh! that is because he is too big to cry; only children cry;” replied Cecil, wiping his own eyes. “My cousin is a *man*; he has travelled all over the world; he has been to

Paris with my uncle, and he staid there three months, and——but how dark it is getting ! I must go home, or Augustus will be angry with me.”

“ Who is Augustus, my dear ? ”

“ My cousin, Sir ; and my poor uncle said that now he was to be my father and my uncle too.”

“ Poor child ! ” exclaimed the sexton, as Cecil hastened from him, but paused when he had retreated a few steps, to take one more farewell of his uncle’s grave. “ Poor child ! I do not much admire this, new protector yours ! ”



CHAPTER II.

THE HEIR AND THE ORPHAN.

As the churchyard was situated at some distance from the house which had belonged to Mr. Thomas, it was quite dark before Cecil reached his home. His first inquiry was after his cousin.

“He has retired to the chamber of our deceased master,” replied one of the domestics, “and he gave orders that nobody should disturb him.”

“Then good night, John,” said Cecil, taking up a candle, “I am going to bed—going to bed without kissing my uncle for good night! Oh, John, I cannot bear to think of that!”

“What can you expect, master Cecil?” said the ancient domestic, brushing the cuff of his coat over his eyes. “We must all die! It is very hard for you—this great affliction—but then you have a cousin left! Humph! a cousin! Poor child! You won’t find that *much!*” muttered John between his teeth.

Cecil, as he was retiring to his chamber, was forced to pass the door of his uncle’s room. He could not help pausing, and he perceived a light gleaming through the crevices of the door.

“Augustus is there,” said he to himself, “and no doubt weeping. Oh! it would be some consolation if I could see even *him!*” With this reflection, he tapped gently at the door.

“Who is there?” demanded a rough voice.

“It is I, cousin, I, *Cecil!* Pray let me in?”

“Leave me alone, and go to bed!” replied Augustus authoritatively.

Cecil dared not reply, but involuntarily his eye sought the key-hole, for he was curious to know what his cousin could be doing. The child looked first towards the bed, expecting to find Augustus there, upon his knees; but the bed was unmade, without covering, and nobody was beside it. He looked to the other side of the room—there stood his cousin before an open secretary. In his hand he held a red portfolio, from which he drew several sheets of paper, and after reading them flung them into the fire.

● Cecil looked to see if his cousin was weeping, but no—his eyes were employed in a different manner. Cecil left the door, and retiring to his room, went to bed; but he continually kept asking himself what his cousin *could* have been doing, and how he could possibly help weeping.

The next morning, when he came down stairs, he found Augustus finishing his breakfast,

"You did not wait for me?" said Cecil, timidly.

"Do you suppose I am made to wait?" replied Augustus, rudely.

Cecil seated himself at table, and rang the little bell that stood beside his plate.

"Why do you ring?" demanded Augustus.

"For my breakfast: there is nothing left," said Cecil, surveying the empty table.

A servant entered. Augustus addressed him before Cecil could speak. "Let this child eat in the kitchen; and remember that in future you receive orders from *me* alone."

"In the kitchen! what does this mean?" questioned Cecil, in surprise.

"It means that I am master here—the *only* master, and that *you*—you are nobody!" answered Augustus.

"I? Am I not your cousin?" said Cecil, innocently, and as though he feared he should receive a reply in the negative.

“Listen to me, Master Cecil; you are twelve years old, and ought to understand me. Your father died and left nothing—so did your mother—therefore, *you* have nothing!”

“But *you* are rich, cousin? You have money enough for both?”

“You will find yourself much mistaken, my young gentleman. I have money for myself, but none for you; do you hear?”

“Now you are joking with me, cousin! Do you mean that at this table there will no longer be a seat for me—that I shall not have a room in *this* house?”

“The house is mine, Master Cecil! You should think me very good to argue thus with a mere child; but I wish you to understand, that my father, when *he* was master, did what he pleased, and therefore *he* chose you to remain here—now that *I* am master, I do what *I* please, and I choose you to find some other home.”

“Some other home! Where can I go? Where would you have me go?”

“Where you please—I care not where?”

Cecil burst into tears, and approaching his cousin with clasped hands, said tremblingly, “Oh! where *can* I go, dear cousin? What will become of me! I am such a mere child, as you said—and so feeble—so often sick! I should die of hunger if you turned me away. And what would people say of you, if you let your poor little cousin die in the streets? Why, the very boys would throw stones at you, as you passed along!”

Whether it was owing to this very natural remark of his cousin's, or some better feeling that at that moment inspired him, we cannot say; but Augustus remained silent and lost in thought for some time. At length he looked at Cecil, and said with affected kindness—

“You are right Cecil; you ought not to

leave my protection. To-morrow I am going to Paris, and you shall go with me."

"What! to Paris? *I* shall see Paris? I?"

"Yes, Cecil; that is, if you are a very good boy."

"Oh! dear, good Augustus! how kind you are—you were only playing with me just now; were you not?" And Cecil approached his cousin with open arms, and would have embraced him; but Augustus pushed him away, although not angrily, and said—

"Very good, very good; now send for your breakfast!"

"Oh! I am not at all hungry," replied Cecil, shaking his head mournfully; "I could not eat now—my heart is too full?"

"Then eat when you please," replied Augustus, as he rose and left the room.

CHAPTER III.

THE TUILERIES.

ON the first of August, in the year 1836, a dark looking young man, and a fair and delicate child, alighted from a diligence at the usual stopping place in Paris.

“Oh ! how tired I am, Augustus,” said the child to the young man ; “I have not slept for the last three nights.”

“Wait here until I come back,” said Augustus ; and he entered the office and demanded of the clerk, “At what hour does the diligence leave for Bordeaux ? ”

“At six o'clock, sir.”

“Is there a vacant seat ? ”

“Yes, sir, there is one.”

“Reserve it for me.”

“For whom, cousin?” exclaimed Cecil, who had followed Augustus unperceived.

“That does not concern you,” replied Augustus, much provoked at finding his cousin so near him. He placed the money for the seat on the desk, and received in exchange a small piece of paper; then, taking Cecil by the hand, he said—

“Come along,” and they went on their way.

“Where are we going?” asked Cecil.

“To the Tuileries, to set my watch,” replied Augustus.

“Oh! I remember when my poor uncle used to tell me about his travels, he said the first thing he always did, on arriving in Paris, was to go to the Tuileries, to regulate his watch. Poor uncle! I can never think of him without crying.”

“Be quiet, will you,” said Augustus roughly, taking Cecil’s hand as he was wiping away his

tears. The child was frightened at the harsh tone of his cousin, but soon became distracted by the numerous and magnificent shops they passed, and said in astonishment to himself, "What a beautiful and splendid city is Paris!"

The two travellers arrived at the Tuileries just as the gates were thrown open. Nobody was yet promenading there, and Augustus led Cecil to one of the most retired walks, and made him sit down beneath a chesnut tree, the thick foliage of which shaded them from the sun.

"Are you hungry?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Cecil.

"Eat then," said Augustus, handing him a couple of pears from his pocket, and a small piece of bread.

"Are we going to stay here long?" asked Cecil while he was eating.

"Are you not satisfied here?" returned his cousin.

“Perfectly so, Augustus; but to tell the truth, I am more sleepy than hungry.”

And in a few minutes, Cecil’s eyes half closed, and his lovely head fell first on one side, then on the other. The quiet of this beautiful garden, the delightful shades, the clear basins of water in which white swans and golden fish were playing, all appeared to invite repose.

“It is easy to gratify you,” said Augustus. “You could not have a more beautiful place in which to rest than this—lie down, and sleep.”

“And what will you do, meanwhile?” asked Cecil.

“Oh!” said Augustus, evidently embarrassed, “I have my portable writing-desk in my pocket, and I will amuse myself by taking notes. But what book is that you are putting under your head for a pillow?”

“It is Robinson Crusoe, my poor uncle’s last gift. Have you read it, Augustus?”

“No ; go to sleep !” said Augustus, roughly.

Cecil replied, opening the book, “It is the history of a poor forsaken child on a desert island ; read it, Augustus, while I sleep ; it will amuse you.”

“No—yes,” said Augustus, taking the book from Cecil, and again repeating, “go to sleep.”

He glanced over the book.

“Read—read it—it will interest you,” repeated Cecil, yawning and rubbing his eyes. “Poor Robinson ! Imagine, Augustus, a child about my age, or a little older, I believe—alone, entirely alone, on a desert island—but the desert island was not so fearful as the mere fact of being alone. By-the-by, Augustus,” added Cecil, laughingly, “do not run away from me, while I am asleep—for I should not care to be in Robinson’s plight, I!—a funny idea, is not ?”

And half laughing, half yawning, Cecil felt instantly into a sweet slumber. With a con-

strained effort avoiding to glance at his little cousin, Augustus took a port-folio of paper from his pocket, and making the *Life of Robinson Crusoe* serve as a desk, began to write.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AWAKING OF CECIL.

THE sun was setting when Cecil awoke. The first sound that struck his ear was the palace clock ; he counted seven.

“Seven o’clock !” exclaimed he complacently stretching his arms. “I have had a good sleep ;” and slowly opening his eyes he looked around in astonishment.

He had forgotten his journey—his arrival. Everything around him appeared strange ; but presently he recovered himself. “Oh, I am in Paris—Augustus !”

Not seeing his cousin where he had left him, he started up to seek him.

“Why, where can he be ? That is a good

joke ! he has hidden himself to frighten me ! ” and with the happy thoughtlessness of his age, he unconcernedly amused himself looking at the objects around.

The garden was hardly less quiet than before he fell asleep. A few persons were still walking about, and some sitting on the chairs.

Cecil waited patiently until he heard the clock strike half past seven ; then seeing that his cousin had not come, he began to walk up and down, without yet being the least suspicious.

“ I have slept twelve hours,” thought he, counting with his fingers. “ Augustus must have been weary and has gone somewhere else. He is so selfish—perhaps he has dined without me—it would be just like him. When he is hungry he does not care whether others eat or not ; and when his appetite is gratified, he thinks of nobody else—but I am hungry notwithstanding,” added he aloud.

"I have been watching you while you slept, for a long time, my little boy," said a fat gentleman in a blue overcoat, a sword hanging at his side, and a three-cornered hat on his head. "How does it happen that you are here all alone?"

"I am waiting for my cousin, sir," answered Cecil meekly.

"And are you sure he will return, my little one?"

"Why, how could he do otherwise, sir? he knows that I never was in Paris before, and cannot find my way anywhere?"

"And is he familiar with the place?"

"Oh! perfectly, sir. He was here last year with his father, my poor uncle, and he staid here three whole months. If one cannot become familiar with Paris in three months, he never will at all."

The gentleman smiled and said: "And

you intend waiting here until your cousin returns, do you ? ”

“ I must, sir ; where would you have me go ? ”

“ And suppose your cousin does not come until after the gates are closed ? For notwithstanding he has lived three months in Paris, he may very easily lose his way.”

“ Oh ! what shall I do, sir ? I suppose I must sleep here all night,” replied Cecil, whose face now expressed great sadness and resignation.

“ But you cannot do that, my little one ; for when the drum beats every one must leave the garden.”

“ Oh ! sir, I pray you if my cousin has not arrived then, that you will let me stay here.”

“ I am overseer of the Tuileries, my little friend, and my duty is to make you leave

instead of letting you remain here," replied the gentleman ; "but since your cousin has lived in Paris for some time, he ought to know the regulations, and will no doubt come for you before the hour of closing the gates arrives."

With these words he went away. Cecil's heart was full of fear and trouble.

"Oh !" said he, with a mournful look, and without noticing that a crowd of richly dressed people were assembling in the gardens, "If my cousin does not return—if he has lost his way, as the gentleman said—what will become of me? Where shall I go?—and then I am hungry! I shall die of hunger! But Augustus *will* return; if he gets astray he can inquire the road; he knows I will be lost without him. If I were not so hungry, I could wait patiently. Perhaps if I read, the time will not appear so long.

Then sighing deeply, Cecil took up his

book ; but what was his astonishment when a letter fell out of it ! He picked it up and discovered that it was addressed to himself.

“ This is curious ? ” said he.

He opened the letter and read as follows :

“ MY DEAR COUSIN :—I am not rich enough to support you ; and I am too young to undertake so great a responsibility as that of bringing up such a little boy as you are—besides you have no claim upon me. On the contrary, you are indebted to me for the little education you have received, for the clothes you have on your back, and for your food until now.

“ But I do not reproach you for all this ; only leave me to myself for the future ; live as you best can, and forget that you have a cousin in the world.—Paris is not the desert island you talked about a little while ago ; it is a large city full of resources ; you know

how to read, write, and calculate a little, and with these acquirements you can get along.

“Farewell, Cecil ; do not seek me, for when you receive this letter, I shall already be far away from Paris. Do not attempt to return to my house ; it will be useless. I am master there, and I have a right to receive whoever pleases me, or to remove whoever displeases me. It is clear I do not want you ; therefore do not come.

“It is needless for me to sign this letter ; you will easily guess the writer ; act as if I were dead, and never inquire after me. Farewell, forever !”

CHAPTER V.

THE WOUNDED LITTLE DOG.

WHEN Cecil had finished reading, he remained for some moments like one petrified. Then he took up the letter again, re-perused it with great care, pondering over every sentence, and seemed not to be able to comprehend that he was really forsaken. But when he came to the last words, "Farewell, forever," he repeated them several times to himself, then suddenly burst into tears.

Yes, he was indeed alone; alone in the world, and in the midst of this brilliant garden of Paris; for the sun had sunk below the horizon, but it was not yet dark, and the appearance of the Tuileries was at this moment superb. Although Augustus said so

positively in his letter that he would not come back, Cecil could not believe that his only remaining relative would show him so much cruelty.

“It would be so wicked!” said he, talking to himself. “No! it is impossible that he could act thus—he wishes to frighten me!” And he did not dare to move from his place, for fear that his cousin might return, and, not finding him, would in reality leave the Tuileries without him.

Cecil’s mind was now so full of anxiety that he forgot his hunger; he was absorbed in one idea—he was alone! What should he do, and where should he go? He could not remain all his life in one place. He arose and walked about.

“The crowd was so dense, that every body pushed him as he passed. In vain Cecil sought for a friendly face amongst all these people. He looked imploringly from one to

another, but no eye turned towards him ; or, if by chance, some one looked at him for a moment, it was with an expression of so much indifference and such want of feeling, that the poor child was chilled through and through, and the very drops of perspiration on his forehead felt as though they were turned into ice. Soon he turned away from those richly dressed persons, and stopped before a group of children.

They all had somebody with them, either a nurse, a father, or a mother ; nobody seemed alone in this immense and beautiful garden but poor Cecil ! His heart sank within him at every step ; yet he did not weep—he dared not. Again he suffered the pangs of hunger, and a momentary feeling of the baseness of his cousin's conduct made him exclaim :

“ God will punish him ! ”

These words made him remember the Almighty, and he added: “ But the good God

will not forsake me ; he will have pity on me."

Just then a dog covered with blood, and moaning piteously, ran towards Cecil, and sought shelter between his legs.

"Get away from me," said Cecil, angrily pushing him with his foot ; but immediately his conscience reproached him. "I prayed God to have pity on me, and I have no pity upon a poor beast !" And he took the dog in his arms, and caressed it.

"Oh ! it is your dog, little boy, is it ?" said an old gentleman passing by—"Keep him with you, then, if you do not wish him to be killed ; he has just escaped from great danger. Poor animal ! at every stroke of the bayonet, with which the sentinel was endeavoring to chase him out of the garden, I thought he would die ; but he recovered himself bravely, and sprang across the iron railing on the terrace. I advise you, my little friend, to fasten

a string around his neck, if you wish to keep them from killing him."

"But this dog is not mine, sir; I do not know to whom he belongs," replied Cecil. "He is wounded, and you ought to take him to your house—for *you*, doubtless, have a home!"

The melancholy sigh which accompanied these last words, could only be understood by those who knew poor Cecil's situation.

"Well, that's a good one!" said the old gentleman laughing. "Certainly I have a home, but I do not like dogs; they distress and annoy me; they must always be watched. If you do not love them better than I do, my little fellow, why all you have to do, is to let this one go and take his chance; his trouble will soon be ended. If he escapes from the sentinel's bayonet, he will not from the poisonous little balls of meat, which they throw into the streets for vagrant dogs. That is a

good one—take him home with me ! Children think everybody will do just as they wish,” muttered the old gentleman as he went on his way.

“He is a selfish old man,” said Cecil, caressing the dog, who gave utterance to a sort of doleful, whining sound. “Poor animal ! His foot is hurt. A blow from the oayonet has torn off the skin, and the bone is exposed.”

Cecil's thoughts were now entirely occupied with the poor dog, who had run to him for protection. He carried his little burden to a clear basin of water, and after having carefully washed the wound, he tore off the corner of his pocket-handkerchief and bound it up. The dog licked his hands and looked up to him with an expression of so much gratitude, that Cecil experienced a sweet satisfaction in having done a good act. The old gentleman's advice to fasten a string to the animal, now

recurred to Cecil, and he took the rest of his pocket-handkerchief and put it around the dog's neck.

If the people walking in the Tuileries had thought a little less of themselves and a little more of others, without doubt some of the number would have been struck by the little pantomime which was enacted at this moment, between Cecil and his dog. They were both seated on the grass, one in front of the other, and gazing in each other's face with an expression which was truly sad and touching.

The dog appeared to say: "You, who have saved and protected me—do not abandon me!"

And in Cecil's blue eyes might be read: "Poor animal, forsaken like me, what will become of us both?"

And as if both were drawn together by the same feelings, the child put his arms around the dog's neck, and the dog wagged his tail



The Child put his arms round the dog's neck

Page 38.

and licked the hand which caressed him. It was a beautiful picture !

Though Cecil was twelve years old, he was so small and delicate, that he looked at least two or three years younger ; his countenance was pale and sickly-looking ; his features were fine and intellectual ; his mouth rather scornful, but in his face might be read the most exquisite sensibility, the most tender and elevated feelings. His eyes were of a clear blue, with a sad and softly insinuating expression ; his dress was neat, and even elegant ; his little plaited shirt was trimmed with lace ; a silk handkerchief was tied around his neck ; his pantaloons were of nankin, his coat of fine blue cloth ; his feet were neatly dressed with nice and glazed shoes. He had the appearance of a rich child, who was waiting for his father or mother, from whom he had only strayed for a moment.

The dog was a little black spaniel, with

one white spot upon his breast, one on each foot, and at the end of his tail ; his hair was long and silky ; and his ears so long that they almost swept the ground.

Cecil and his dog were still gazing at each other, when the beating of the drums made them start.

CHAPTER VI.

TWO CENTS' WORTH OF BREAD.

It was the signal for closing the gates. Cecil remembered the advice of the overseer of the Tuileries, and taking his dog under his arm, with his book and his cousin's letter, he followed the crowd towards the gate, which opened in Castiglione street.

"I will have courage," said he to himself, while walking along. "I am better off than Robinson Crusoe. There was nothing in his desert island; but here there is every thing," added he, going down De la Paix street, and gazing in astonishment at the windows of the beautiful and brilliantly lighted shops. "Everything!" repeated he. "If the deserted island, on which Robinson was cast, had

been thus provided, truly, such a large volume would not have been made of his misfortunes. But I forgot that I was hungry, and have only eaten a small piece of bread and two pears, this morning."

Just at this moment he passed by an eating-house, but he did not think of going in. Brought up in the country, where the customs were plain and old-fashioned, he had only heard the Parisian eating-houses spoken of as places where several persons met to dine together and make merry. He was sad and lonely ; and anything like gaiety for the present had no attraction for him ; so he walked on. Next he came to a large hotel, the door of which was open ; he stopped before it, and looked wistfully into the court-yard.

"If they see me, probably they will ask me to come in," he said ; and unconsciously he advanced a few steps.

Servants were running backwards and for-

wards, some carrying dishes towards the steps; others were currying horses and harnessing them to the wagons; but nobody noticed Cecil; nobody asked him to come in. In his artlessness and ignorance of the world, he was astonished. Then, supposing that this neglect only arose from their not perceiving him, he walked a few steps farther inside the court-yard.

An old woman, who was standing before a door, above which was written, "inquire of the door-keeper," cried out to him :

"For whom are you looking, my little gentleman?"

"Nobody, my good woman," replied Cecil, delighted to have somebody notice him; and he walked directly up to her.

"What do you want, then? and why do you come in?" continued the woman, so sharply, that the poor child stumbled in retreating. But he quickly recovered himself and took courage to say :

"I thought seeing me there you would invite me to come in, Madame."

The woman opened her eyes and stared at the child as if she did not understand what he said. Cecil continued :

"You see, Madame, that I am very tired and hungry."

"Our house is not a public inn, for travellers ; go further on, my little one ! Go ! I tell you this is not the place you seek !" and the woman accompanied her words with many gestures ; but seeing that Cecil did not hasten to obey her she took him by the shoulders, and pushed him with great violence.

"Oh !" said he, turning down the first street he came to, "what a rude woman !" and walking on he arrived at a baker's shop.

"They will surely give me a piece of bread here," thought he, entering. A young girl was seated behind the counter.

"Miss," said he hesitatingly, for the door-

keeper's behavior had made him mistrustful,—
“will you give me a piece of bread?”

“With pleasure, my little gentleman,” said the girl, rising quickly; and taking down a large loaf, she added, smiling kindly, “But before I cut it, tell me, how much do you want?”

“How much! That is as you please, Miss,” replied Cecil, gaily, and almost devouring the bread, of which he was so much in need, with his eyes.

“Forsooth! that is all the same to me my little gentleman,” replied the girl. “Do you want two or three cents' worth?”

“Do you mean to make me *pay* for it?” inquired the child, with such ludicrous earnestness, that the girl burst out laughing.

“Do you suppose that I am going to give it to you for nothing?”

“Amanda!” screamed a loud voice from behind a grating, where Cecil perceived a fat

woman writing on a large account book —“Why do you amuse yourself in that manner with customers, instead of helping them immediately to what they want? Cut two cents’ worth of bread for the child, and if that is not enough, cut him four cents’ worth.”

The girl obeyed. “Here is two cents’ worth,” said she, presenting him with the bread with one hand, and holding out the other for the money.

Cecil felt in his pocket, and blushed as he drew out only one cent. It was all he had in the world

“That is all I have,” he said tremblingly, his eyes filling with tears, and glancing at the bread, which was not sufficient to satisfy his appetite, and which he dreaded to see cut in two.

“There, take it,” said the amiable girl, giving him the whole piece; and looking fearfully

towards the grating, she dropped Cecil's cent in the money drawer.

The poor child seized the bread, and seating himself on the side-walk near the baker's shop, for he had not strength to go farther, he began to eat with great eagerness.

CHAPTER VII.

A NAME FOR THE DOG.

CECIL was still eating, when by the reflection of the lamps from the shop, he noticed the dog, who was looking up to him in a most expressive manner. At every mouthful he swallowed, the dog would wag his tail, and draw nearer to his new master; then seeing there was nothing for him, he would sit down again on his hind legs, and with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, look so disappointed, that Cecil was moved and exclaimed :

“ Poor animal ! he is hungry also. I have not too much for myself, but no matter, we will share it ; I have suffered enough from hunger to-day not to have pity on others.”

And after this reflection, with every mouthful he ate himself, he gave one to the dog. The poor animal expressed his delight by jumping, wagging his tail, and crouching at the feet of his new master ; then standing on his hind legs, his fore-feet elevated, he appeared ready to dance the Cachucha.

Cecil encouraged him, and said : “ Give me your hand ! ”

The dog obeyed, first presenting one paw, then the other, with such grace that Cecil was enchanted.

“ What shall I call you ? ” said Cecil.

But the dog could not answer ; and he recommenced his tricks, barking, turning around, and alternately presenting his paws and withdrawing them.

“ I wish very much to know your name, my poor friend,” said Cecil, again speaking to the dog as if he could understand him ; “ for you are now my only companion—my com-

panion in misfortune ; both of us wanderers in this great city of Paris, as Robinson was on his desert island ! I am Robinson, and you are my man Friday. You are black like him ; but he could speak, and you cannot say a word. Let me see ; will you answer to the name of Friday ? No, you not understand me. That is a pity ; for, besides you, I have nobody here to whom I can talk. Can this be a city, which so much resembles a desert island ? I do not know to whom I can apply for hospitality. The people will perhaps make me pay for a bed, as they did for the bread we have just been eating together. But I have no more money ; neither have you—have you ? Poor friend ! you cannot be of any use to me. I remember the fable of the lion and the mouse, where it is said, ‘One has sometimes need of a smaller than one’s self.’ But it does not follow as a matter of course, that the one

smaller than one's self must be a dog. No matter; be quiet! I will not forsake you. I will take care of you and love you. I will tell you my thoughts and you shall console me. Meanwhile, I should like to find a name for you. It troubles me not to know what to call you. Wicked cousin, who left me all alone! Here it is night, and where can I sleep? Fortunately it is not cold; but the ground is hard. If I only had the ground itself it would not be so bad. But these paving stones are none of the softest! Where is Augustus, now? No doubt, gone back to Bordeaux; for I remember his engaging a seat in the diligence, which must have been for himself. O, the unfeeling fellow! Come nearer to me, little dog, that I may tell you what my cousin did—but no, it is too bad! I will not tell anybody the wickedness of my uncle's son—my poor uncle, who was so good to me, and loved me so

much that Augustus was jealous! Let us talk of other things, my dog. Let us find a name for you—that will make me forget my grief.” And with the versatility of spirit natural to children of his age, Cecil tried to recal all the names of dogs he had ever heard. Then he pronounced them, one by one, distinctly, all the while watching for the slightest sign or movement of the dog’s ears, which might express recognition.

The first name he thought of was Valiant, implying no doubt that the dog was courageous in fighting the wolves, which were very numerous in the woods, surrounding Bordeaux. He repeated Valiant! Valiant! several times, varying the tone of his voice, but the spaniel took no notice.

The dogs of Bordeaux being uppermost in his mind, he called, in succession, “Diana! Castor! Pollox! Beauty! Turk! Cæsar!” But none of these names appeared to belong

to the little spaniel. Cecil thought, perhaps the dogs in Paris had different names from those in Bordeaux.

Immediately, his uncle's journey to Paris recurred to his mind; for you must know, my dear reader, that this journey had been the most remarkable event in Mr. Thomas's life; and from the time of its occurrence until his death, two years afterwards, it had been almost his only subject of conversation.

All the names of dogs that Cecil could remember as connected with his uncle's narrations, were Moloch, Florence, and Tycho; but to none of these did the little spaniel answer.

At this moment, a gentleman, in a blue great coat and a three cornered hat, passed by Cecil, whistling to a large grey hound, which he called *Fox*.

The spaniel made one bound as if to run towards the gentleman, but immediately re-

turned and crouched down at Cecil's feet with a joyful whine.

"Oh! your name is *Fox*?" exclaimed Cecil with pleasure.

The dog wagged his tail in token of assent.

"Well, *Fox*," added he, "we have supped, but we have had nothing to drink, and I am very thirsty—are you thirsty?"

The dog, as if he understood, ran down a street, continually looking back to see if his master followed. The gentleman in the blue great coat walked slowly behind them.

Fox conducted Cecil in this manner to a place where several streets crossed, in the middle of which rose a beautiful fountain. *Fox* drank out of the basin, and Cecil from one of the spouts.

"Thank you," said Cecil, "I gave you bread and you have given me water, so we are quits. Now we will remain here and sleep; for I am weary."

Cecil had laid himself down upon the ground, when the gentleman in the great coat, who had not lost sight of him for a moment, approached, and said :

“What are you doing there, all alone, and at this hour? Do you know that it is late, my little friend?”

“You see, Sir, that I am playing with my dog,” replied Cecil without moving.

“I thought you were a lost child,” said the stranger, “but I perceive by your dress that I must be mistaken.”

Cecil, at the word *lost*, started involuntarily, and yet refrained from making any exclamation. When the gentleman had ceased speaking, the child asked, with an air which might have been taken for one of curiosity, but which was really one of anxiety :

“Well! if I had been a lost child, what would you have done, Sir?”

"I should have asked you where you lived and taken you home."

"You are very good, then," said Cecil rising and approaching his interrogator.

"It is my business to take care of lost children."

"Your business to take home all the children who lose their way! What do you call yourself?" exclaimed Cecil.

"I am the Town Crier."

"Town Crier!" repeated Cecil. "But I thought, Sir, that some of these poor children had no homes!"

"Then," said the Town Crier, who was amused by Cecil's prattling, "as all children without homes are beggars, or vagrants, I take them to prison."

"But could there not be some children who had no home, and yet were neither beggars nor vagrants, Sir? If for example, a little boy were lost by his big cousin, who wished

to get rid of him?" inquired Cecil, a little agitated.

The Town Crier smiled and replied: "Then the big cousin must have been a very bad cousin."

"But what if it was so, Sir?"

"I should take the little cousin to prison, because nobody is permitted to sleep in the streets; but the prison is neither very dark nor very gloomy. Then, the little cousin would be questioned; if he had parents, they would be written to, and asked if they would own him; if his parents would not own him, the child would be placed in a house, where very good care would be taken of him, and he would be taught a trade."

"Would it not be like a prison there?" asked Cecil.

"Not at all, my little friend! At first he could not go out; he would not be free to do as he chose; and a little boy like you would

not be allowed to have such a pretty dog for a companion."

Cecil thought a moment, then said :

"It is not permitted to sleep in the streets!" as if this had particularly struck him. "Well, that is strange! Poor forsaken Robinson, on his desert island, had at least this liberty! I thank you, Sir, and bid you good evening," added he, taking his dog under his arm, and walking away from the Town Crier.

"No doubt," thought Cecil, "there are other privileges in Paris for deserted children, which should compensate for not being able to sleep in the streets. But I at least am a hundred times more perplexed here than was ever Robinson Crusoe. Where shall I sleep? All the doors are closed, and if I knock, I shall perhaps be badly treated, as I was by the door-keeper of the hotel near the Tuileries; and I do not like to be insulted! If I could find a deserted house, it would suit me admir-

ably, and Fox also; would it not, my little dog?"

Cecil looked up to see whether he had strayed. He perceived on his right two unfinished houses, and a scaffolding in front of them, before which a small lamp was burning, that emitted a black and disagreeable smoke.

"Here is just the place for us!" exclaimed he joyfully. "Two houses without doors or windows, and probably no tenants—nobody to speak to us, or refuse us admittance! Come let us go in!"

But the poor child was deceived; for he had hardly advanced two steps under the scaffolding when an enraged voice screamed out,

"Who is there?"

Cecil's courage failed him.

"Somebody to turn me away again!" said he sorrowfully.

The poor wanderer raised his tearful eyes to heaven, and falling down on his knees, with clasped hands, uttered these words :

“Oh ! Almighty God, who art in heaven, have pity on me ! What will become of me if I can find neither a bed to lie on nor food to eat ? Oh God ! give me strength and instruction what to do. My poor uncle always told me that heaven would aid me. I do not ask for better succour than from thee, my heavenly Father ; but do not let them put me in prison ! I have read of children who worked to support their parents ; I wish for nothing better than to work for myself ; but how shall I get employment ? Oh ! Almighty Father, I place my trust in thee ; have mercy on the poor, forsaken child—another Robinson, but a thousand times more to be pitied in Paris, than the real Robinson on the desert island.”

His prayer was here interrupted by the

same voice, again calling out and still more crossly,

“Who is there?”

Fox answered by growling.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE INVALID.

“**THERE** is then, somebody here?” added the voice, which was followed by the sound of an approaching crutch ; and, in a moment, a cripple, dressed in uniform, stood before Cecil. “It was you, you little urchin, making all that noise, was it?” demanded the old soldier.

“I did not think I made much noise,” said Cecil, sorrowfully.

“If it was not you it was your dog, then, that awoke me from my sleep. One cannot sleep quietly for a single hour in this Great Louis street.”

“Oh ! if you can sleep at all, you are very fortunate !” exclaimed Cecil.

“But I tell you I cannot sleep. You see very well that I cannot sleep, you little monkey. If I had a dog like yours I might sleep; for he would keep watch for me; but the street sweepers poisoned mine last week—my poor Austerlitz! I had forgotten to muzzle him; and, in his old age, he had grown greedy. I warned him repeatedly not to touch the little meat-balls thrown about the streets, but I might as well have talked to my wooden leg. He did not heed me. He saw one of the poisoned balls in his way and tasted it. Poor Austerlitz! he came and died in my arms! He was my friend, my only friend! We met each other, both wounded, in the battle, after which I named him. I bound up his wounds; he licked mine; and, from that time, we have, as the song says, ‘together glided down the stream of life,’ until last Friday afternoon, at half-past three o’clock, when Austerlitz died. Will you sell me your dog,

my little monkey ; or give it to me rather ? for it would be difficult to pay for it, as you see my purse is at present empty. But give him to me ; it would afford me much pleasure. I will call him Austerlitz, and even a dog should be proud of that glorious name. What do you say ? ”

“ I say, Sir, that I will make you a proposition : this dog is not mine, and I can neither give nor sell him to you ; but if you will let him and me sleep here with you, we will both keep watch.”

“ That will do, my fine little boy ; that will do ! Come in ; the sleeping apartment is fresh and clean ; the four walls will serve for bed-curtains, and heaven for a ceiling. The bed is not to be despised ; it is of granite, which is very costly ; every thing is elegant, and has never been used ; we may not always have such good accommodations. Have you supped ? Are you thirsty ? Are you hungry ? ”

"Alas!" said Cecil, ashamed of his distressed situation, "since this morning I have only eaten a little bread."

"Poor child!" said the old soldier, kindly ; "There! take the remainder of this cold veal, which was given to me by a charming little girl who lives just by here ; and there is some bread! But, bless me, when I have wine I can never leave a drop ; it is a habit I got into in the wars. If you want some water, I believe there is some in the pitcher.

"Did you wish to save some for to-morrow?" interrupted Cecil, coloring at the remark, and suddenly ceasing to eat.

"Save some for to-morrow! Nonsense! Eat away, my young hero! Old father La Tuile is not sufficiently sure of seeing to-morrow to lay up anything for the future. Son of a soldier, and born on the day of a battle, I have grown up in the midst of battles, doubting every day whether the next would

not be my last. This leg has made me a half-pay officer, and I am now numbered among the king's invalids. By the by, little monkey, I am talking away like an old magpie, without inquiring how such a nicely-dressed and genteel little boy as you are, happen to be wandering about the streets of Paris, dying of hunger, and without a home?"

Cecil was preparing to gratify the old man's curiosity when a second thought made him change his mind and he said,

"I cannot tell you about it, Sir; it is too horrible."

"Can it be possible that you have done something horrible, with that sweet and sinless face!" exclaimed father La Tuile.

"It was not I, who did something horrible, Sir; it was my cousin. My cousin is the son of my dead uncle, who was the best man on earth; and it would have grieved him so much, if he knew that I told anybody of his

son's wickedness—it is on that account that I cannot tell you about it, Sir.”

“If they did not tell us our duty more clearly in the regiment than you have related the history of your cousin, there would be few soldiers capable of fulfilling their trust. But sleep will do you good—so, good night.”

Saying these words, the cripple went behind a little tent, ingeniously formed of linen suspended on the beams of the unfinished house. Cecil laid himself on a bundle of hay, with Fox at his feet. A few minutes afterwards Cecil's troubles were lost in the sweet and refreshing slumber which visits the pillow of youth and innocence.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WORKMEN.

CECIL was awakened at daylight by his dog's loud barking ; and starting up he beheld Fox looking half threateningly, half fearfully, at a crowd of workmen.

“ Here—father La Tuile,” screamed one of the workmen, “ what does all this mean ? Who are these new tenants, who cannot wait until a house is finished before they come to occupy it ? ”

“ Well what is the matter ? ” said father La Tuile, raising the cloth of his tent a little, and looking towards Cecil, who still lay on his straw bed. “ These new tenants ! I gave them shelter, and where was the harm ? ”

“ There is no harm, father La Tuile, no

harm at all," replied the workman, who had before spoken, and who appeared to be the foreman. "But allow me to say notwithstanding, father La Tuile, that instead of giving shelter to this little rogue, you might better have taken him back to his parents, who must be very uneasy on his account."

"I have ~~no~~ parents, Mr. Workman!" said Cecil, rising and shaking off the bits of straw from his hair.

"No father nor mother?" inquired the foreman.

"I only had an uncle, and he is dead, Sir," said Cecil, wiping away a tear which rolled down his cheek.

"No father and no mother?" exclaimed all the masons, surrounding the little deserted child; "and no home, and you do not know where to sleep at night? Where did your uncle live? What did he do? Did he not leave any property?"

These questions followed one another in such rapid succession, that Cecil had no opportunity to reply. Father La Tuile interrupted them all exclaiming—

“If you ask so many questions at once how do you expect the boy to answer them? Now listen, comrades, to his story.”

Cecil, who during all these questions had appeared bewildered, now spoke :

“I was born in Bordeaux. I arrived in Paris yesterday morning. An hour afterwards I was alone. Now I am a poor, forsaken child. This is my history.”

“Forsaken! By whom?” asked all the masons at once.

“I cannot tell you that, gentlemen, for it would do him injury. If you should meet him in the street, you would throw stones at him; and, besides, it would pain his father very much, who was so good, and who is now in heaven with the good God. No, I cannot tell you.”

"Well, this is a strange child," said all the men, looking at one another; "he has been ill-treated and abandoned, and he will not tell by whom!"

"Oh!" said one of the workmen, "it is because he has nothing to tell; he is a little rogue who has run away from his parents."

"And why should I have run away from my parents?" asked Cecil, the blood mounting to his cheeks.

"Because you did something naughty, and were afraid of being whipped."

"I wish that was the truth," said Cecil. "Yes, I wish it were so. I would much rather have a home to go to, with the chance of getting a whipping as soon as I entered the house, than not to have a home at all."

"Then why do you not tell the truth?"

"Listen," said Cecil, who, indignant at being misjudged, had become quite energetic: "if you, or you, or you, Sir, had a brother, a

cousin, or any relation who had done a wicked action, you would not tell of it, would you?"

"No," they all answered; "but we would punish him for it."

"Very well! I cannot punish him, because I am smaller than he,—and besides, he is far away; but notwithstanding all that, I am his victim."

"What can we do for him?" consulted the men together. "He probably does not know where to get any breakfast this morning."

"That is very true," said Cecil.

"For his breakfast this morning, comrades," said one of the workmen to the others, "let us each give him a small portion of ours, and that will make him a good meal."

"That is just like Bourguignon," said his neighbor; "he only thinks of the present moment! When the poor child has breakfasted, how is he to get any dinner or supper!"

"We will give him some of ours again, Poitevin," said Bourguignon.

"But we cannot provide for him always," replied Poitevin. "If he were only strong enough, he could commence an apprenticeship."

"True, we cannot provide for him always," repeated the invalid. "If he were only big enough, he could enter the army."

"Well we must find out what he can do," replied the foreman.

But, just as they were preparing to examine him, a wagon stopped before the house, from which a gentleman alighted. The workmen quickly dispersed, all of them seizing their various tools, and in an instant they were busily employed, leaving Cecil and his dog to themselves.

CHAPTER X.

THE ARCHITECT WHO IS LOOKING FOR A GROOM.

“Not yet at work?” said the gentleman from the wagon angrily, for he had not been duped by the sudden industry of the workmen.

“I will explain the whole affair to you, Mr. Dumont,” replied the foreman. “We quite forgot ourselves while listening to this poor child, whose history is so interesting that he has nearly made fools of us all, and set us blubbering.”

“And pray what is his history?” questioned Mr. Dumont, glancing at Cecil, who bashfully hung down his head.

“We don’t exactly know, Sir; but it’s all one—it’s very interesting, that I can tell you.”

At this juncture the old soldier stepped forward, and said: "Sir, when this good man says he don't know the child's history, he partly speaks the truth, and partly he does not speak the truth. Take a pinch of snuff, Sir? What, you don't make use of any? Ah! I beg your pardon."

He then in a few words explained in what manner he had found the boy, and repeated every thing which Cecil had told him, as well as his reasons for not mentioning the name of the relation, by whom he was abandoned.

"Nonsense! A parcel of lies! A little vagabond! A little hypocrite!" muttered the architect, glancing suspiciously at the child, who, to conceal his confusion, commenced caressing his dog. "What is your name?" demanded Mr. Dumont abruptly.

"Cecil Fernand."

"And you have no father, no mother, no relations, nobody to take care of you?"

Cecil hid his face on the neck of the dog to conceal the tears that sprang to his eyes.

“And you were abandoned yesterday morning in the Tuileries, and you do not choose to say by whom?”

Cecil shook his head mournfully.

“What do you know how to do?”

“Nothing, Sir,” replied the child with a sigh that was half a sob.

“Your parents, then, did not teach you anything?”

“Oh yes, Sir, that they did—a great many things!” replied Cecil with animation. “My uncle had taught me to write, and I have studied geography and arithmetic, and a little Latin, and I have learned to play upon the violin, and to dance—and—”

“Your uncle, then, was rich?”

“I do not know, Sir; but the house was full of fine things, and we never wanted anything.”

“And your uncle is dead?”

Cecil bowed his head, for he could not command his voice to reply. A momentary silence ensued. The architect was attentively scanning the delicate features and fragile appearance of the young orphan.

“How old are you?” asked he, at length.

“Twelve years old, Sir.”

“Can you ride on horseback?”

“Yes, Sir,” replied Cecil proudly; “with stirrups and without stirrups. My uncle had plenty of horses at his country-seat.”

“You are a fine looking little fellow; you would make an excellent groom. Will you enter my service?”

“No, Sir,” replied Cecil determinedly.

“Hoity-toity! And why do you object, pray?”

“Because I do not choose to be a servant.”

“You do not, eh? I suppose you prefer being a little lazy beggar?” answered the

architect in an angry tone. "Very well ; be off ! Go about your business at once. And take care that I don't set eyes upon you again, or I shall have you taken up as a vagrant, and put into prison."

"Oh, Sir," said Cecil, clasping his hands imploringly together, "pray—for pity's sake do not do that ! I am not lazy—I am not a vagabond ! I would not be your servant ; but if you will give me some work, I will do what I can. I will carry stones, or lime ; I will help the masons, and learn to be a mason—but I cannot be your servant ; indeed, Sir, I feel as though I ought not to be."

"You little fool ! It is much easier to be a groom than a mason. A servant has very little to do."

"I do not care for that, Sir. I cannot be a servant."

"But you will have nothing to do but ride behind my carriage, or on my horses."

"Then I should only learn idle habits; and I should be obliged to associate with the servants, which my uncle always forbade me to do; and I should become—no, no, Sir, I cannot be your groom."

"Enough said on that subject—go! be off! And take care that I do not catch you. Do you hear me! Go! I tell you."

The architect lifted his cane with a menacing air, and Cecil making a sign for the dog to follow him, bowed to Mr. Dumont, and said, with more dignity than could have been expected from a child—

"Do not strike me, Sir, I am *not* your servant; therefore you have no right to strike me!"

Cecil had not walked a great distance before a "hist! hist!" which proceeded from behind him, made him turn his head. The old soldier hobbled towards him and said, "here is some bread, which the workmen sent you.

You are a noble boy—you spoke as a gentleman's son should have done. If you can't find a place to sleep in to-night, come back here."

"I cannot do that," said Cecil; "that wicked man has threatened to have me taken up—but I thank you from my heart."

He took the enormous slice of brown bread, which his friend offered him, and proceeded on his way.

CHAPTER XI.

A PROMENADE IN PARIS.

ONCE more the young orphan found himself alone in the streets of Paris. In one hand he held the string which was fastened around his dog's neck, and in the other the slice of bread. Beneath his arm he carried his little book containing the memoirs of Robinson Crusoe.

"The first thing that Robinson did in his desert island," said Cecil to himself, "was to make the rounds and see where he was;" and with these words he commenced eating his bread, occasionally throwing small bits to his dog, and gazing in at the windows of the beautiful shops that he met at every step.

"Surely I shall never starve in this Paris, where there are bakers and confectioners, and

eating houses at every block. And as for a place to sleep in, surely I can find lodgings, where there are so many beautiful houses with all the doors thrown invitingly open. As for the people, they don't look much as if they would eat me up, as poor Robinson Crusoe feared the cannibals would eat him. Courage! courage!" And he stopped before a tailor's store.

The tailor, who happened to be standing in front of his shop, looked at him, and said: "If you want any new clothes, young gentleman, come in; we keep a superior quality here."

"Thank you, Sir," replied Cecil, delighted with the courteous mien of the storekeeper, "my coat is quite new, but when it is worn out I shall certainly come here."

"That is right; we will suit you, my little friend; no fear but we will suit you."

Cecil walked a little further, and was stopped by a man who was selling canes.

"Look at this cane; young Sir; a little cane would become you so well! Try this one—it is small and pliable,—it looks as if it was made for you. You may have it for a mere trifle—almost nothing."

"Thank you—thank you kindly," replied Cecil; "I will not take one to-day," and he passed on.

Emboldened by the pleasant manners of the two merchants, he walked confidently into a large hotel, for it was about mid-day, and the sun pained his head.

"What do you want here?" called out the door-keeper.

"The sun is very warm," said Cecil, bowing politely; "could you not permit me to rest here for a few moments?"

"Be off with you, you little vagabond," replied the man, closing the door in the child's face.

Cecil was lost in wonder, and stood gazing

at the closed door some minutes without seeming to realize that it was really shut. "No matter," thought he at last, "I shall not find all the world in such a bad humor as this old man."

At a short distance from the hotel stood a booth, the counter of which contained numerous delicacies, and various enough in their kinds to please every palate. On the step of the booth stood a young man, who looked as though he had not despised his own dainties. Cecil stopped immediately in front of the man, and looked up into his face without daring to speak.

"Do you want something to eat, my little friend?" asked the man.

"Oh! yes, Sir; I have eaten nothing to-day but a piece of bread this morning."

"Come in, come in, and take a choice of these niceties," said the man, in the most amiable manner possible.

"But I must tell you beforehand," said Cecil, following the shop-keeper into the middle of his booth, "that I have no money—not a cent."

"Then, what business have you here?" replied he, the smile instantly vanishing from his countenance.

"I am an unfortunate child, who has been abandoned by his guardian in this city," replied Cecil; "I am tired, and warm, and very hungry——"

"I am sorry for you," answered the man coolly. "There is something for you—take it—go, and don't stop the passage."

When Cecil saw the single cent which accompanied these words, his cheeks flushed, and he could hardly restrain his indignation. "I am not a beggar, Sir; I did not ask for money," said he.

"You will get nothing here—so make yourself scarce."

Cecil obeyed, and walked on ; but he was so fatigued that his legs trembled beneath him, and even the dog drooped his ears and let his tail drop between his legs, while his tongue hung from his mouth.

As he was traversing the Boulevards, which is one of the widest and gayest streets in Paris, Cecil observed a number of chairs standing upon the side-walk beneath the shade of some fine old trees. Hastily advancing towards them, he threw himself upon the nearest one, too exhausted, faint, and sick at heart, even to look around him.

Hardly was he seated before an old woman placed herself in front of him, silently extending her hand.

“What do you wish ?” asked Cecil.

“Two cents for your chair, to be sure !”

“What ! you have fifty empty chairs here, and you will not let me occupy one without paying you ?”

"Certainly not; your two cents, if you please, young master."

"I have not two cents," replied Cecil without stirring.

"Then sit upon the ground," said the woman, shaking the chair upon which Cecil was resting so violently, that he could with difficulty retain his place.

"You are not a good woman," said Cecil rising.

"I am the mistress of these chairs," replied the woman, quietly seating herself in the very chair Cecil had vacated.

"Ha, ha, ha, he's got no money, and he sits down like a prince! Come, and sit here, little friend;" said a childish voice, with a very provincial accent.

Cecil turned round, and saw a little boy, so begrimed with dirt, that he at first thought he must be a negro. The urchin was seated on the steps of a large eating house, and a

young monkey rested on his shoulder. Cecil was so tired that he gladly accepted the invitation, and placed himself beside the boy. Fox curled himself up between Cecil's feet, and the children soon entered into conversation.



CHAPTER XII.

THE FIRST LESSON IN INDUSTRY.

“You look very tired, and quite down in the mouth,” began the master of the monkey.

“Oh! if I was only in a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe!” exclaimed Cecil.

His new acquaintance burst into a fit of laughter, and when his merriment subsided, he said, “What do you want to be in a desert island for? Do you want to starve to death?”

“Have you read Robinson Crusoe?” was Cecil’s question, in reply.

“I never read a line in my life—why, I can’t read? But what is this Robinson Crusoe?”

“This little book tells all about him. He

was a little boy, who was left on a desert island, all alone.

"That was a pretty pickle to be in, certainly. And so, I suppose, he died?"

"No, he did n't, though. He made out very well, and he formed a colony, and became a chief; and he did a great many wonderful things."

"Ah, now I understand it—it is a fairy tale."

"No, it is not—it is a true story."

"But how can that be? I know what a desert island is well enough, for I heard a man talking to my father about one. It is a place where there is no houses and no people, and how can one live where there are no people?"

"But for all that, I would rather have been abandoned on a desert island, where there are no people, than in this great Paris where there are so many cruel people."

“ Ah, what nonsense you talk ! ”

“ Nonsense ! nonsense, indeed ! ” said Cecil, rousing himself. “ If I was on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe’s, I could do what I pleased—I could sit down where I pleased—and sleep where I pleased—and eat what I pleased—and—— ”

“ But what could you get to eat ? ”

“ Listen, and I will tell you all about it. This Robinson Crusoe was left upon a desert island, where he made himself a little grotto, and slept quite well, I assure you ; and he planted trees around his grotto—and he shot birds, and made snares for rabbits—and fished—and made himself clothes out of the skins of wild beasts—and, one day, he found a negro, and he made him his servant, and—and—oh ! I would a thousand times rather be on such an island than here—would not you ? ”

“ No, that I would not. I like Paris.”

“And what do you like Paris for?”

“Because, here one can work.”

“Work? work?” he repeated; “and can *you* work?”

“What a queer question! How else could I live?”

“But what work can you do?—you are such a little fellow!”

“Why, in the winter I sweep chimneys, and in the summer I carry about this little monkey, and I make him dance and cut up capers—and—”

“But you said *work*—how do you *work*? That is not working—but I am larger than you, and I could work in earnest.”

“To be sure!”

“But what could I do? I could not sweep chimneys: I should break my neck.”

“I could teach you: but then you would have nothing to do in the summer, and you are so nice and clean, I don’t believe your

mother would like to see you all smuttled with soot."

"Ah ! but I have no mother, and no father neither," replied Cecil, ready to burst into tears.

"Then why did you come to the city ? Look at me—my father and mother are poor, as poor as they can be, and they have ten children : I am the second : my eldest brother is a boot-black ; ah ! he makes a deal of money, I can tell you."

"And he gives you some ?"

"Not he ; but he sends money to my mother, and I make money for myself by my little monkey."

"I wish I had a monkey," said Cecil.

"You have got a dog—but dogs are too common now ; they don't do as well as monkeys. But you know you could beg."

"That I would not do for all the world !"

"Well, can't you sing ? This great house

behind us is a coffee-house, and rich people go there to dine. If you could only sing, and were not afraid, you might make some money in there. But, look! that is my big brother yonder. He wants me. Good by! I hope I shall see you again."

The little boy got up, and, taking his monkey in his arms, was soon lost in the crowd, and once more poor Cecil felt alone in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE REMNANTS OF THE CHICKEN—THE PIECE OF BREAD AND THE GLASS OF WATER.

For several hours Cecil sat motionless upon the steps of the eating-house. At length one of the waiters approached him and said, "What are you doing there little boy?"

"Nothing," replied Cecil, dolefully.

"Then go about your business."

"But will you not let me rest here, Sir?" said Cecil, in a tone of half querulous despair.

"Certainly not. It is just the hour for dinner, and we cannot permit the steps of the house to be encumbered by lounging children. Come, get up?"

Cecil rose—the dog did the same, and the two wanderers, looking at each other with an

air which seemed to say, "where shall we go now?" walked away.

As though instinctively desirous of leading the way, and of protecting his master, the dog walked in front of Cecil. At last they came to a coffee-house, before which the dog paused, apparently to inhale the grateful odor of the viands. Cecil followed his example. Before the boy could foresee his dog's intention, Fox threw himself against the half open door, and disappeared in the long entry.

"Fox! Fox! where are you going?" shouted Cecil; but the dog did not return.

"As soon as the people in this house see poor Fox they will chase him out of doors; therefore I may as well wait for him here," thought Cecil, as he seated himself on the door-step.

Meanwhile Fox had made his way to the kitchen. He was so small and so black that for some time he ran about unperceived, licking

up the gravy that now and then flowed from some carelessly-held dish, or appeasing his hunger with small bits that had been flung beneath the table. After a while, a little boy who was assisting one of the cooks caught sight of him.

“Oh! look at that pretty little dog!” exclaimed he. “Where does he come from? Here, doggie! doggie!”

Attracted by the childish voice, Fox leaped upon the boy and fondly licked the hand which caressed him. At that moment one of the waiters placed upon the table a dish which contained the remnant of a chicken, saying, “throw that away and wash the dish.”

The little boy left the dog to obey the order; but Fox followed him, wagging his tail and looking supplicatingly into his face, then glancing sideways at the dish, and rubbing his nose against the urchin's hand.

“Are you hungry, little dog?” said the

boy, kindly, and presenting the dish to him.

“Here!”

The dog looked at the dish, then at the boy, and wagged his tail harder than before.

“Take,” said the child, making an encouraging sign to the animal.

The dog seized the piece of chicken between his teeth and ran from the kitchen.

“Well, where are you going?” cried the boy; “Here! here!”

But the dog did not return, and desirous as was his new-found friend to follow him, he dared not abandon his post, and commenced washing the dishes.

He had just made a large pile of them, when he felt something warm touching his feet, and looking down, beheld the little dog crouching beside him.

“Well! there you are!” said the delighted boy. “I suppose you want something more to eat?”

The dog, as though he comprehended him, wagged his tail and looked up supplicatingly.

“I have only got this piece of bread for you, little dog; will you have it?”

Fox caught at the offered bread, and again escaped from the kitchen.

“What a queer little animal!” exclaimed the boy. “I wonder where he goes to devour what I give him.”

“What are you talking to yourself about, you little rascal?” demanded the head cook.

“Oh! Mr. Chipart, a moment ago such a beautiful little black dog ran in here, and he took the bits I gave him so politely; but he ran away to eat them—I can’t think where.”

“If he comes back,” said the cook, “be sure you tell me. I dote upon a handsome dog.”

“Oh! here he is!” cried the boy in ecstasy.

“Poor fellow! poor fellow!” said the cook,

leaving his work to take a nearer survey of the dog, who held his mouth open as though ready to take whatever might be offered to him. "Oh! what a pretty fellow! But he hangs his tongue out of his mouth—he must be thirsty. Baptiste, give him a drink: take good care of him. I must go back to my fire—but take care of him, and see that he don't run away."

"Look, Mr. Chipart, he won't drink," said Baptiste, pointing at Fox with his finger; for the dog was standing by the table, looking from the water to the boy, and from the boy to the water, as though he would beg him to do something, which it was difficult to express.

"Perhaps he wants to go and drink in the secret corner where he eats—go carry the water wherever he pleases, but be sure you do not lose sight of him."

When Fox saw the little boy take up the bowl he gave a leap for joy—ran towards

the kitchen door, then back to the table beside which Baptiste stood, and then flew to the door again. Finding that the boy followed him, he sprang into the entry and led the way up the stairs, ever and anon looking back to see if Baptiste was behind.



CHAPTER XIV.

**WHAT BECAME OF THE REMNANTS OF CHICKEN,
THE PIECE OF BREAD, AND THE GLASS OF
WATER.**

WE left Cecil seated upon the door-step of the coffee house, anxiously glancing at the passage through which his dog had disappeared, but not daring to enter. After some time had passed, Cecil almost despaired of again beholding his cherished dog, and began to feel sadder and more lonely than ever. Just as he was burying his face in his hands he felt something brushing against him, and turning, beheld Fox. The poor animal held something in his mouth, which he carefully laid on the knees of Cecil, briskly wagging his tail and

licking his lips, as though he would say, "Eat, but don't forget me."

"Where did you get that?" inquired Cecil, half unconsciously talking to the dog, as though he could understand. "Ah! you stole it, you little thief."

Fox made a hasty movement, accompanied by a half growl, as though he was indignant at the accusation.

"Did any body give it to you?" continued Cecil.

The silence of the dog seemed to answer affirmatively.

"It is a good bit of chicken," said Cecil, looking at the meat, without touching it. "Very good indeed; as good as I ever ate at my uncle's table; but, Fox, I ought to have a piece of bread to eat with it."

The dog ran off as though he had really understood his master; and when he reappeared, it was with a piece of bread in his

mouth. Cecil could not help kissing him, and said in a tone full of gratitude,

“Oh! if I am like Robinson Crusoe, you are my man Friday! Good Fox! Dear Fox! Charming little Fox! Now let us eat our dinner together.”

Fox took his place in front of his master, and it was curious to see these two creatures—the one a rational being, and the other hardly less so, although but a dumb brute, and both apparently gifted with intelligence and sensibility, dining together, dividing every morsel, and equally enjoying every mouthful.

“The bones are for you, and the flesh for me; the soft part of the bread for you, Fox, and the crust for me, Fox!” And then the two caressed one another, each in his own way; the hand of the child softly patted the back of the dog, and the tongue of the dog licked the hand of the child. They seemed like two dear friends, who had been reared

together, and yet a few hours before, they had never seen each other. It was misfortune which united them—misfortune, which gives birth to more friendships than prosperity. Pleasure may bring persons together, but sorrow unites them. He who does not suffer may want a companion, but he who suffers needs a friend.

“Oh! I am very thirsty!” exclaimed Cecil, when the repast was finished. Either the dog understood him or he experienced the same sensation, for away he ran for the third time. Cecil did not sit listening long before he heard the patting of his dog’s feet—but not them alone, but he clearly distinguished heavier steps, which accompanied those of little Fox.

“They are the steps of the master of the house,” thought Cecil, in a panic of terror—“no doubt he is angry—he is coming to make me pay for the bread and chicken. Oh! holy

Father, thou who did'st permit the dog to relieve my wants, protect me now ! ”

The steps approached, and Cecil tremblingly raised his eyes. Instead of the giant of a man, in a fearful passion, and raising a stout cane, which he expected to see, he beheld the delicate form and fresh laughing countenance of a child, neither larger nor stronger than himself, who held a bowl of water in his hand.

When Baptiste saw a bone of the chicken in Cecil's hand, and observed, that Fox had already curled himself up at the child's feet, he said,

“ Then the bread and the chicken were for you, and the water also ? ”

“ To be sure they were,” replied Cecil, at once reassured ; “ for me and my darling Fox ! ”

“ Well, that is funny ! it is the queerest thing I ever heard of ! ” said Baptiste, who

in his surprise would have let fall the bowl of water, had not Cecil caught it.

“Oh, what a dear, strange, faithful little dog!” exclaimed Baptiste, running back into the kitchen. “Come and see—come and see—the strangest thing—the dear little fellow—come!”

And Baptiste disappeared from the kitchen, followed by a crowd of cooks and waiters, and several little boys, who assisted them.

“Well, what is it? what is it?” they all shouted at a time. But the noise ceased as they beheld Cecil, and the dog drinking from the bowl, which had just been taken from his lips.

“Then it was to see you that Baptiste called us?” said one of the cooks.

“Me and my dog,” answered Cecil, beginning to get frightened. “Pray, do not be angry.”

“Angry! what should we be angry about?”

what a pretty little dog it is ! It won't bite, will it ? But where do you come from, little boy ? You cannot be a beggar, for you are too well clad—why, then, should you be obliged to dine off the bits given to your dog ? ”

Cecil hardly knew how to answer ; but after a momentary silence he said : “ I am an unfortunate child, and have been abandoned in the streets of Paris, I dare not tell you by whom, and you must not ask me. All that I can say, is, that I have eaten nothing to-day but a slice of bread and the bits which you gave to my dog.”

“ But why will you not tell us who abandoned you ? ” asked the chief cook.

“ Because it was one of my own family, and it is not right to speak against one's own relations.”

The men were on the point of questioning Cecil further, when a bell sounded and the

voice of the master of the house was heard calling them. In an instant they all fled, but Baptiste, as he hurried away, said, "wait here a little while, and I will return."

Cecil waited, and in about an hour Baptiste again stood beside him, with an old basket in his hand. "Are you very fond of your dog?" said he; "so fond that you could not part with him?"

"So fond that I would as lief part with my eyes!" replied Cecil.

"Then follow my advice—take this basket and run away as fast as you can, for Mr. Chipart is determined to have the dog whether you will or no."

"My dog! But what right has he to it?" asked Cecil indignantly.

"The right which strength gives. Do as I tell you—take this basket—you will find something to eat and to drink in it—quick! make your escape."

Alarmed at the idea that his dog, his only friend, might be taken from him by force, Cecil hastily took the basket, fastened the string around the neck of Fox, thanked Baptiste, and ran till he was out of sight of the house.

It was now night, but the light from the gas lamps was so strong, that he could see his way as well as by daylight.

CHAPTER XV.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER.

CECIL soon found himself within sight of the house, where he had slept on the preceding night. His heart beat violently as he approached it. "Will the old soldier receive me?" said he to himself. "Oh! how dreadful it is not to know where to obtain a night's shelter! Augustus! Augustus! shall I find all the world as cruel as you!"

Cecil knocked on the boards placed in front of the entrance.

"Is it you, Austerlitz?" asked a feeble voice from within.

"Yes, good father La Tuile; it is Austerlitz; and little Robinson, too—will you receive both?"

"You are very late," said the old man, looking out.

"Then you expected me?" inquired Cecil in surprise.

"Certainly, my little friend; in a large town, where the doors only open at the touch of silver, I knew that there was no shelter for empty pockets. Come in—your little bed is ready; here is your supper."

"Thank you, but I have something to eat along with me."

"Then keep it for your breakfast. Now sit down, and tell me why you refused to be Mr. Dumont's groom."

"Because my uncle did not educate me to become a servant."

"But you must live and you must eat?"

"Yes, and I must work too."

"Pray what work could you do with those tender little hands of yours? But I am sleepy; we will talk to-morrow. Good night,

little monkey ! Tell Austerlitz to wake you early."

"That he shall do ! Good night, my kind friend !"

In a few moments more, the invalid, Cecil and Fox, were all fast asleep.

Cecil was awake before dawn, and lay still reflecting upon what he had better do. When the workmen came, he went to meet them, and said, but not without a blush, "here I am again, and I wish I were a mason—will you teach me to be a mason ?"

"Poor little child !" said one ; "you are too feeble to become a mason."

"But I must live," returned Cecil.

"If you become a mason," said another of the workmen, "it would be necessary for you to serve an apprenticeship : and to be an apprentice, you must pay a certain sum."

"I have not a single cent," answered Ce-
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cil; "but, if you will teach me what you know, I will teach you what I know."

"And what do you know?" asked the workman?"

"I know how to play on the violin."

"But that would be of no use to me."

"I know how to write."

"But to write one must read, and we do not even know how to spell."

"But I will teach you to read."

"Ah! that might do."

"Do you hear that? Good gracious!" said the old soldier, in admiring astonishment. "What sense children have now-a-days! The march of intellect is wonderful. Why, in my time, the idea of teaching my neighbor to read, would never have entered into my head—as for that matter, I never knew how to read myself."

"I will teach you, good Mr. Invalid," said Cecil.

“Thank you, little monkey ; I’m rather too old to learn ; but since you know how to read, you shall read to me about the battles of my Emperor.”

“Comrades !” said the mason, who had been talking with Cecil, “What do you say to the child’s plan ? He is too small and too feeble to learn our craft, but still we can be of service to him, and he to us. Many of us do not know how to read ; he will teach us during our resting hours, and we will let him share our repast. Then Father La Tuile can give him a bed ; and, in this manner, he will have food and shelter for a month at least.”

The workmen agreed to their comrade’s proposition ; and, after breakfast, the self-constituted little schoolmaster gave them the first lesson out of his “Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.” The Invalid then brought forth a large parcel of old newspapers, and said to Cecil, “now come and read me all about

these battles, little monkey: that will take me back to the good old times."

"The good old times in which men fought and killed one another," said Cecil, laughing.

"Yes, little monkey; and when one was never sure in the morning of finding oneself whole at evening."

"And you call those *good* times, when one evening you found that *you* were not as whole as when you got up?" demanded Cecil, glancing at the old soldier's wooden leg.

"I would give my other leg to see those times again!" said the Invalid with enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER LOSES HIS SCHOLARS.

THE masons, who had received Cecil as their tutor, were ten in number. They were all of them young and all strangers, who were sojourning in Paris to finish the last year of their apprenticeship. For, in France, the journeymen, before they are deemed competent to practice their craft, are obliged to make the tour of the country and work a specified time in every city. Every day Cecil gave them one lesson in the morning and another in the evening. He read the newspapers to the Invalid, whose stock seemed inexhaustible ; and the rest of the time played

with Fox, who hourly became more attached to his master.

But a new affliction soon overwhelmed poor Cecil. The house was completed—there was no longer any need of the old soldier as guard—and the mason scholars were ready to continue their tour. One bright Sunday morning, which Cecil expected to pass alone with his Invalid friend, much to the surprise of the little boy, his ten grown-up scholars presented themselves before him.

“Good morning, little schoolmaster,” said they, all of them shaking hands with him in turn.

“What! do you want to take a lesson on Sunday?” asked Cecil. “No, little schoolmaster,” replied one of the troop; “we have come to bid you adieu forever.”

“Are you going?” inquired Cecil in alarm.

“Yes; to-morrow we must proceed on our journey, but with the permission of your good

friend here, we wished you to pass the last day with us."

"Take the child with you," said the Invalid; "but be sure you do not make him drink. Why, the little rogue, how handsome he looks!"

The ten journeymen walked away with Cecil and his dog in the midst of them. They proceeded gaily along the Champs Elysees, and walked some distance beyond the barriers, until they came to a house, over which was written, "Journemen's Coffee House." They entered, called for refreshments, and seated themselves at table. Although it was hardly mid-day when they took their places, it was night before any of them proposed to return to the city.

Poor Cecil, in spite of their merry jests and evident enjoyment, felt lonely and dissatisfied. Their conversation was not suited to his capacities, and he had been reared in too much

refinement, to feel at home with his rough companions in their convivial hours.

"Is it not almost time to return?" he ventured to say, as candles were placed upon the table before them.

The journeymen paid no attention to his words, but one of them who was considerably excited by wine, rose and addressed his comrades: "Comrades, a thought has struck me. The night is fresh and beautiful; we have all our bundles with us—let us set off at once; in the month of August, it is much pleasanter travelling by the light of the moon, than beneath the rays of the burning sun."

"Good! good!" they all replied, in chorus, "let us start at once!"

"And me—what will become of me?" asked Cecil, in a plaintive tone.

"Ah! little schoolmaster, we quite forgot you," said one of the masons scratching his head. "What are we to do with you? Let

me see. I have it ! Comrades, let us raise a subscription for our little schoolmaster. Here is a franc to begin with."

All of the journeymen followed their leader's example, and placed a franc in Cecil's hand.

"There ! With that sum," said the first mason, "you might sail for America. Take the same road by which you came until you have passed the barriers. On the other side of the gates you will find a coach-stand—jump into a hack, and tell the coachman to drive you to Great Louis street, number twenty-four. What ! You look at the money as if it would burn you, and don't take it ? Why you little fool, have you not earned it ? Did you not teach us our letters and a great deal more ? For nothing one gets nothing in this world : but every laborer merits his hire—this is yours—put it in your pocket, and take good care it is not stolen from you.

And now, good bye! Shake hands, little schoolmaster! Give us your paw, Fox. Comrades, we are all ready; let us be off!"

Cecil, with tears in his eyes, beheld their departure; and then putting the ten francs in his pocket, he set out, taking the road which led to Paris. Fox, who had eaten his fill, seemed not to comprehend the cause of his master's sadness, but gambolled about, every once in a while looking up to Cecil, as though he would inquire what was the matter.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE TWO STRANGERS.

CECIL recrossed the barriers in safety, and walked up to the coach-stand.

“How much will you ask to drive me to Great Louis street?” demanded Cecil of the coachman.

“Thirty cents, Sir, and whatever you have the kindness to give me to drink your health with.”

Nothing sharpens the intellect so quickly as misfortune. Cecil had learnt more in the fortnight he had passed in Paris, than in the twelve years during which he had lived in his uncle's luxurious mansion.

“Thirty cents!” he repeated to himself; “I should then have only eight francs and

ten cents left. With thirty cents I could buy a paper of tobacco for my dear old friend. That would please him greatly, and it is a much better way of spending the money than laying it out in coach hire. I can easily find my way—at all events I have a tongue, and can inquire if I mistake the road.”

“Will you not ride, young master?” asked the coachman, holding open the door of his vehicle.

“No, I believe not,” replied Cecil, and passed on. At first, Cecil felt sure that he had taken the right road; but, little by little, he began to doubt. The buildings looked strange to him; he grew frightened, and at last became certain that he had lost his way. He was so much engrossed, he had not observed that two men of most unprepossessing mien were evidently following him: nor did he notice that the dog ran backwards and forwards uneasily, and kept continually growling.

Just as Cecil had reached one of the most unfrequented parts of the city, the two men separated; one advanced towards Cecil, walking on his right side, and the other came up to him on his left.

"Young Sir," said the former, affecting a foreign accent, "can you tell me the way to Orleans street?"

"I am a stranger, Sir," replied Cecil; "I was myself just going to ask you the way to Great Louis street."

The person on Cecil's left then spoke:—
"What do you wish to know, gentlemen?"

"I wish to know the way to Orleans street."

"And I to Great Louis street."

"It is very fortunate, then, that you have met me, gentlemen. The two streets you desire to find are near each other, and I am obliged to pass them, in order to reach my home. We will go together."

"You are very kind," said the person who

had first accosted Cecil. "I have just arrived from America. I am very rich, and I will pay you handsomely. As for this young gentleman, I suppose he has not any money ; therefore——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Cecil ;
"I have ten francs in my pocket."

"Have you been a long time in Paris ?" questioned the stranger. "Are your parents wealthy ? How do you happen to be alone at this hour of the night ?"

Cecil frankly related his little history ; and, while he spoke, the two strangers approached each other and conversed in a low tone. Had Cecil known more of the world, his suspicions would have been roused by their manner. As it was, he heard one of them say, "At all events, it will be ten francs ;" and, looking up to him with an innocent expression of countenance, he inquired,—"What did you say about ten francs ?"

"I was only proposing to give this gentleman ten francs for his trouble in conducting us home."

Cecil was on the point of saying, that even the coachman had charged less than that ; but he was afraid of wounding the feelings of the gentleman, by placing him on an equality with a hack-driver. He therefore remained silent ; but, for the first time, remarked the restlessness of his dog, who seemed anxious to lead his master in a different direction.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE POOR BLIND MAN.

As they passed a dark alley on their right, Cecil's ears caught the sound of groans and sobs, evidently proceeding from a person in distress. Looking about him, he saw an old man, at a short distance, extended upon the ground. Following the dictates of his heart, without consulting his companions, Cecil ran towards the prostrate man, and attempted to assist him.

"Did you fall down, my friend? Have you hurt yourself?" inquired the child, kindly.

"I am blind!" sobbed out the old man.

"And you have lost your way, have you not?" said Cecil.

"I am blind!" repeated the old man.

"Gentlemen!" cried out Cecil to his companions, "you will conduct this old man home, will you not? He is blind."

"Do you suppose it is my employment to show the way about Paris to everybody I meet?" rudely demanded the man, who had volunteered to escort Cecil home.

"Oh! Sir," said Cecil, addressing the other stranger, "you said you were rich—will you not have the goodness to pay this gentleman for showing this poor blind man his way home?"

"I only pay for those I take a fancy to, and I do not like the looks of this fellow," was the unfeeling reply.

"Do you live at a great distance?" said Cecil to the blind man.

"Ah! dear child—for by the delicate sweetness of your voice, I know you are a child, and a kind-hearted one ——"

Before the blind man could say any more,

the pretended American called to Cecil, "Come, young gentleman, I cannot stay here all night?"

"Wait one single moment more," replied Cecil; "only think! this man is blind, and perhaps has been hurt by his fall; it would be impossible for him to find his way." Then turning to the blind man, he said: "how did you come here? You could not have come alone?"

"No, I came with my faithful, sagacious friend, who guided me everywhere—my poor little dog! He ate something that poisoned him, and he lies not far from here quite dead. My poor Rover! What shall I ever do without him!"

"Come, come, young gentleman," said one of the strangers in an authoritative tone; "we are tired of waiting."

"Give me one moment more, I beg of you," replied Cecil. "You were so good to

me, be as good to this unfortunate old man. Shall we get you a coach, my friend. A coach will take you home."

"Home! oh! no, no, I must not go home! My poor wife! My poor daughter!"

"What, you have a wife and a daughter, and you do not wish to return home?" But before Cecil could say any more, one of the men seized his arm.

"Come along, child, we will not stay any longer."

"One minute, one minute, gentlemen! Look at this old man. Ah! I know what it is to be forsaken and without friends. I thought it hard enough, although I was not blind ——"

"Nor was your arm broken," groaned the old man.

"Your arm broken!" cried Cecil with emotion; "oh! I hope your arm is not broken?"

The blind man replied with resignation: "after the death of my dog, I tried to find my way alone, and fell down as you perceive: my arm hurts me so much, that I cannot move it without groaning. If it had not been for my misfortune, I might have gained with my violin, which lies somewhere near me, money enough to pay for my lodgings, or at least quiet my landlord for a time; but now, what am I to do?"

"You could have gained money by your violin?" questioned Cecil, delightedly.

"With my violin—to be sure I could! Why not?"

Cecil stood several moments lost in thought, during which time the two men conversed in a low tone.

"Does it require much skill to earn money by playing on the violin?" asked Cecil, at length.

"Much skill? Not a great deal. Why, I

only know one tune, and I play that by ear. I have played the violin these thirty years; my wife made a little by sewing, and my daughter by selling herbs and flowers. As for my son, he is a mason, and what he makes during the week he drinks up on Sunday, so I do not calculate ever to receive anything from him. Until now, we have got along tolerably—we were very poor—still we managed to live.”

Cecil turned abruptly to his companions: “Gentlemen, the old man says, that he could make money by playing on his violin; he only knows one air, and I know four. Only wait, I pray you, until I have played my four airs, and made money enough to pay a coachman for taking the old man home, and then I will follow you.”

“The child is a fool!” exclaimed the pretended American, forgetting in his anger to make use of his foreign accent. “We have

waited already too long. Come Sir, you must go with us !”

“How well you speak French, all at once !” said Cecil, looking at the man, in astonishment.

“My child,” said the blind man, without noticing Cecil’s last observation, “you are a noble boy, and I thank you heartily for the service which you desire to render me ; but you must obey your guardians.”

“But they are *not* my guardians,” cried Cecil, becoming incensed at the cruelty of the two men. “I do not know who they are. I lost my way, and they offered to conduct me home. I owe them no obedience ; and, since I find their hearts are so bad, that they refuse to assist you, they need not wait for me any longer. God will provide me a guide ; and I am not afraid ! Gentlemen, I wish you good evening ; you need not wait for me.”

"Do you know," said the man who had passed himself off as an American, now speaking very good French, "do you know that we could force you to follow us if we chose?"

With this threat each of the men seized one of Cecil's arms.

Cecil was frightened; but his very fear made him brave; raising his voice, he cried out, "Release me! You have no right to force me. Help! help! help! I shall cry *thief! catch the thief!* if you do not let me go."

Cecil had hardly uttered the last sentence, before the two men loosed their grasp and disappeared.

"Why, where have they gone?" said Cecil, half laughing and half crying.

"Had you any money about you, my little friend?" asked the blind man,

"I had ten francs."

"Did these men know it?"

"Yes, I told them myself."

"Then you made a lucky escape; they were doubtless thieves. Thank God for your deliverance. Your kindness to an unfortunate man has saved you."

"Thieves!" repeated Cecil in a tone of awe, and looking fearfully around him. "Could they be thieves? Pray, let us get home. Good old man, could you not raise yourself and try to walk?"

"My arm hurts me dreadfully, but I will try," said the blind man, making an effort to rise. There! I am on my feet once more.

No; I do not think my arm can be broken, but it must be dreadfully bruised. Will you give me your hand, my good child, and guide me? Where do you live?"

"In Great Louis street," answered Cecil, making the old man lean upon his shoulder.

"I live in the same street. If I am not at

home by midnight, my daughter will come to seek me. Therefore, do not be afraid ; she will take you home safely."

"That will do very well ; and meanwhile, I mean to try if I can make a little money for you, since you say that money can be made by playing on the violin. Come along, Fox !"

"What, you have a dog?" said the old man, as Fox licked his hand.

"Now that is strange—strange, but very sensible !" said Cecil, without answering the old man's question. "Here Fox, who growled all the time at those two men, licks your hand and caresses you, although you are not better dressed than they !"

"Dogs are sensible animals," replied the old man, "and their instincts are singularly correct. Fox knows that I am your friend—that is, as much your friend, as a miserable beggar, whose friendship will not benefit any-

body can be. And I would be your protector, too, but misery has no protection to offer."

"Who knows," said Cecil, laughing and jumping about for joy, "but that *I* may become *your* protector to-night, and I am in quite as miserable a plight as yourself?"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LITTLE MUSICIAN.

WHILE seeking a good place where he might stand and play on the violin, Cecil related his little history and all his adventures since his arrival in Paris, to the blind man, but without mentioning his cousin's name.

"Where had we best place ourselves?" asked he of the blind man.

"In front of a Coffee House, if you can, my little friend."

"Here is one: 'The Coffee House of the Ambassadors.'"

"Choose a table where there are children, and let us stand directly before them."

"Why, *children*?" asked Cecil.

“Because children do not understand music, and it always pleases them whether it is good or bad.”

“Thank you,” said Cecil, laughing ; “you doubt my being able to play well. Here is a table, at which a gentleman and three little girls are sitting.”

“That is good,” said the old man ; “now make your dog sit down on the ground, put this little tin platter by him, and commence.”

Cecil gave one touch with his bow on the violin, which astonished the old man. Cecil continued playing.

“Why, you are skilful ; every body will come to hear you.”

“Yes,” said Cecil, quite agitated, “but I feel ashamed, for I never played before any body but my uncle and my teacher.”

“Does any body give money ?”

“Yes, the plate is almost full,” replied

Cecil ; “ but the people stare at me so much, it confuses me.”

“ Take courage, my dear child, courage ! ” said the old man, in a low and broken voice ; “ if I do not carry twenty-six francs home to my family this evening, to-morrow we shall be turned into the street, without a place where we can find shelter. My poor wife, for the last two years, has been rendered helpless by a paralytic stroke ; and my daughter, a girl of seventeen, has never known a happy day. Take courage, my dear child ; I hear the cents falling into the plate. Alas ! it will take a great many to make twenty-six francs. But what is the matter ? You don’t play with so much power as you did at first, and your time is slower.

“ The perspiration is rolling down my face in large drops,” said Cecil ; “ I did not think it was so difficult to play in public, and before people one does not know.”

“You are saving a poor family from misery,” replied the blind man; “let this thought banish your natural timidity. But if you are too warm, take some of the money out of the plate, and go into the Coffee House, to get a drink, my child.”

“Thank you,” said Cecil, “but I will not use any of that money.”

“Then take your violin and play on. Play on, my dear friend, my preserver! God will bless you for this noble act. You have had pity upon a poor blind old man, and He will have pity on you.”

“Hush, good old man!” said Cecil; “there is very little merit in what I am doing; and your praises make me tremulous. I have played all the airs I know; shall I commence again?”

“If you are not tired, my child.”

“No, on the contrary, I am beginning to get accustomed to the crowd. You will see that I shall play more boldly this time.”

And in truth Cecil regained his self-possession, and played with remarkable grace, beauty, and sweetness. Every body was delighted with the little musician, complimented and encouraged him; but it was growing late, and the crowd gradually dispersed. When the Coffee House was vacated, Cecil ceased playing, and said to the old man :

“ Every body has gone.”

“ Very well; count the money,” said the old man, “ and divide it. You have well earned your share.”

“ Divide it ! ” exclaimed Cecil ; “ no, indeed ; I have been playing for your benefit only—I have ten francs, you know—I am rich ! ”

The blind man smiled as he took the treasure from the child’s hands ; and at the same moment, the keeper of the Coffee House came towards the blind man, saying :

“ Now that the tables are unoccupied, come and sit down, my good old man, and let your

charming child refresh himself. What will you have? Some beer—milk—cakes—any thing you like ! ”

“ You never were so polite to me before, my good Sir,” replied the blind man, accepting the invitation.

“ In sooth,” replied the man, laughing, “ your violin generally drives away my company, but to-night your little boy has drawn me quite a number of customers. Drink—eat—do not hesitate—and come back to-morrow.”

A young girl, in tears, now approached the table where the old man and Cecil were eating, and exclaimed :

“ Oh ! my dear father ! how worried my mother and I have been about you ! Here it is nearly midnight ! ”

“ What do you think, Mary ? ” replied the old man, gayly ; “ I have lost my dog, my arm is bruised, and without this little angel

that the good God put in my way, there is no knowing when you would have seen me again. Sit down there, daughter, and count the money."

"Provided it is worth counting," said the poor girl, sitting down, and gathering the cents into a pile. "The landlord has been to our house, father. He was very angry, and said if we did not pay all we owe him before twelve o'clock to-morrow, he would turn us out of the house, and retain all our little furniture, our clothes—everything, even to my pigeons! We had depended on my brother's wages; but, alas! he did not bring them. Could he have had the heart to go to the tavern and drink away his money, when his family were in so much distress! Heaven grant that he may one day be cured of his weakness! There—all the piles are made—and there are twenty cents in each pile, it is easy to count them now."

“Well, how much is there?” asked the blind man, impatiently, while Mary again counted the piles separately.

“Seventeen,” said she; “I have counted and recounted them carefully, and still there are only seventeen francs. Oh! my father! We are lost!”

Cecil, who had noticed the girl’s hands tremble as she was counting the piles, and her despair as she was obliged to stop at seventeen, took his ten francs out of his pocket and threw them among the cents.

“Seventeen and ten makes twenty-seven,” said he, laughing merrily. “It seems to me you have twenty-seven francs!”

“You had concealed part of the receipts in your pocket, then?” asked the young girl, reproachfully.

“Concealed!” replied Cecil, indignantly—“those ten francs are mine, Miss; and I give them to you to complete the sum you require.

It is very fortunate I did not go home in a coach as I had intended," added he, "for then I should not have been able to do you a service."

"Your ten francs!" said the old man, much affected: "I do not wish them, my child: Keep them—keep them yourself.* Mary, return those ten francs to this generous child. They are all he has in the world; and he gives them to me! Where is he? Your hand—give me your hand, my noble boy, that I may kiss it. Oh, Father in heaven! let the humble prayer of a poor unfortunate ascend to thy eternal throne, and bless this child!"

"Well, what is the matter, my good old man? Why do you weep? You make me cry to see you," said Cecil, wiping his eyes.

Astonished at this scene, Mary glanced alternately from her father to the boy.

"You want twenty-six francs to pay your

rent, and as I only made seventeen, it is but just that I should give you the rest," said Cecil.

"*Just!*" exclaimed the old man, "*just!* This child calls his noblest action—his greatest sacrifice, mere *justice!* Have you given him back his ten francs, Mary?"

"But, father"—said Mary, hesitatingly.

"My daughter, do as I bid you," replied the old man, sternly; "and not only that, but divide the other money with him. If the sum had been complete I would have said nothing, but taken this kind and generous child's share to pay my rent. Since it is not so, it will not save me from being turned out of our house to-morrow. Give him eight francs and ten cents, Mary; and I shall still be under great obligations to him."

"I do not want your eight francs and ten cents," replied Cecil, positively; "and I want you to take my ten francs. My poor uncle

used to say, that it was the duty of all men to assist one another as much as it was in their power. I am not a man, but still, if I serve you to-day, you will have an opportunity of returning it some other time."

"Take this child's ten francs, good old man," said a gentleman, who was sitting at a neighboring table, and who for some minutes had been listening to the discussion between the blind man and Cecil; "take them! I could give them to you myself, but I will not deprive this noble boy of the pleasure of doing so generous an action. All I can do is to promise to return him the money. But it is getting very late, and I have not time to talk any longer. We will meet again to-morrow."

The gentleman walked up to a coach-stand, and called out to one of the drivers:

"Peter, take these people home, and notice the house particularly, that you may drive me there to-morrow. To-morrow, my friends,"

added he, assisting the blind man into the coach, "to-morrow I will see you—no thanks—your thanks are only due to this child. Good-by, my little friend, until to-morrow."

"Where shall I drive?" asked the coachman of the blind man.

"To number twenty-four Great Louis street, for the little gentleman, and for me to number three Port-Mahon street."

Then Cecil, who, in his ignorance of the world, saw nothing extraordinary in this gentleman's kindness, called out in his turn:

"Until to-morrow, Sir."

And the horses set off at a full gallop.



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